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The Week

THE Treaty of Versailles is a Christmas stocking with no bottom to it. Each time you think it's empty, someone who really knows the trick produces a new surprise. Take Article 429, for instance. André Tardieu, member of the French Commission at the Peace Conference, draws Article 429 from the darkness and illuminates it with a new light. It represents, he says, a small compromise on Mr. Wilson's part. While the Senate was debating the Treaty M. Tardieu did not explain the Article. But it is of more than passing importance. "Read the text," he says, "and understand it."

THIS is the way M. Tardieu himself understands it: If, after occupying the left bank of the Rhine for fifteen years, France has "no other guarantees of security," then "such occupation might be prolonged until other guarantees exist, whether they are obtained through the coming into force of the American, British and French compact or other equivalent guarantees." Will the general guarantees of a League of Nations be sufficient? The inference clearly is that they will not. M. Tardieu demands the special tri-party alliance or its "equivalent"—that special tri-party alliance which was described to us as a purely temporary device to fill the gap before the League got started. In any event M. Tardieu apparently thinks that France herself is to be the judge as to whether existing guarantees are or are not sufficient. "In a word, no guaranteeing treaties, no evacuation in 1935." Is this indeed what Article 429 means? Americans ought to be certain, before they sign a contract with Europe. Article 429 looks very much like another piece of French realism painted with the red, white and blue of Mr. Wilson's American ideals.

AT last, says an Associated Press dispatch from Warsaw, "the long-planned Spring attack by the Russian Soviet armies apparently has been commenced." A Münster dispatch to the Courant (Rotterdam) asserts that the attackers plan to be "at the gates of Berlin by the beginning of July." Where are they now? Not on Polish soil, or on the Polish frontier, but deep in the territory of Russia itself—along a line of which certain points are actually two hundred miles from Polish territory. For more than a year the Polish statesmen have been crying wolf. They have not been satisfied with the generous boundaries drawn by the Peace Conference. They want the frontier of 1772, and they have sent their armies to get it. During the next few weeks we shall probably hear a great deal about Russian invasion and "Berlin by July." Perhaps the Soviet armies will make real progress. But they have a long way to go before they have cleared their own territory of an invader. Until Polish troops are back on Polish soil it is Poland and not Russia that plays the role of the aggressor.

NO party yet can boast of victory in the German revolution. The Communists still hold a number of important industrial centers. At the same time the class they boasted they had crushed still walks unmolested about Berlin. Von Jagow and General von Lüttwitz are now explaining their positions in the daily press. The majority papers have at least a paper victory. But they do not deceive themselves about the fact that the effective power is still in the hands of the labor unions who can call the general strike, and the workingmen who

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can comply with it so far as they choose. If the militarists and the partisans of the old order are still on the scene they know that it is because they are tolerated, and not because they have any power to improve their lot.

WILL the people use the power they have won again, or will they let the country fall back into the hands of those who have run it on the rocks in the past? The answer to this question will be found in the developments of the next few weeks. The great mass of the people were outspoken in condemning the militarist crowd. But they seem about as reluctant to follow the extreme Communists in a fight for complete overthrow of the existing order. The promise of a larger representation for labor in the Cabinet and of general elections in the near future contents the greater part of the workers. They regard this as a less costly way to record their gains than in further bloodshed.

THE proletariat represented by the Independent Socialists, however, demands much more. It insists that two members of the cabinet known for connections with large interests go the way of Noske. In forcing the withdrawal of the Bauer cabinet they scored a substantial victory. They now insist that the Von Kapp militarists appear before a workingman's tribunal. But most significant of all is their demand that the regular army be dismissed and that the workingmen be armed in their places. If this demand were conceded they would add to their strike control the strength of the army. The bulk of the radicals, however, do not appear to be inclined to hold out on this point. They are confident enough of their gains to look forward without anxiety to the elections.

DESPITE the protest of many groups in England and America, both Mr. Lloyd George and M. Millerand insist that the Sultan is to keep his hold on Constantinople. Mr. Lloyd George gives some disingenuous reasons why. He does not admit the pressure of French banking interests, the mutual distrust of the Foreign Offices, or the fear of British imperialists that England's hold on India is too tenuous to risk giving the Mohammedans a grievance. Instead he says that the decision to leave the Turk in Europe was made because the Allies did not want the expense and responsibility of governing Constantinople. President Wilson, in his present note has protested against this decision. Will the Premiers reply (politely) that having taken no share in the drawing of the Treaty we can scarcely protest against its terms? In the event of such a reply Mr. Wilson, we hope, will point out to the Premiers that failure on our part to help draw the Treaty is no reason why we should be expected to guarantee, by League or alliance, terms of which we entirely disapprove.

IN his note to the Premiers on the Turkish settlement Mr. Wilson again insists upon the establishment of an independent Armenian state. Mr. Lloyd George agrees in principle, but asserts: "Up to the present we have only received requests from America to protect Armenia, without any offer to assume responsibility." That is true. From the start the American Senate has shown itself hostile to the idea of a mandate for Armenia and to any method of practical assistance that might serve as the equivalent for a mandate. But Mr. George has little justification for throwing stones at American policy. While he has been "awaiting America's decision," the British Foreign Office and a British army have cut off Armenia's gates to the Black Sea and the Caspian Sea, and reduced the country to a barren plateau surrounded by hostile Mussulmans. Mr. George laments our indifference. Indifference is the last charge that could be made against the men who are now directing British policy in Asia Minor.

AMERICANISM, we are discovering, is not only intensely patriotic. It can also be intensely practical. Take, for example, that 100 per cent organization: The New York League of Americanism. This institution has " a fund of between $100,000 and $200,000 for propaganda purposes." "The Americanism part of it is a joke." The real object of the League is "to kill off health insurance and other fool legislation."—This is some of the evidence introduced in a report made to Governor Smith by the New York State League of Women Voters through its executive council and chairman, Mrs. Frank A. Vanderlip. The members of the Women's League believe their evidence to be reliable. They have, in effect, challenged the State to an investigation. At the very start of their career as voting citizens they declare they have been startled by evidence of an attempt on the part of organized "vested interests" to influence legislation through "a regime of pseudo-patriotic propaganda."

IT is not surprising that the League of Women Voters found the anti-Bolshevist crusade and high-minded organizations like the National Civic Federation playing a part (along with "Americanism") in the blocking of the welfare bills at Albany. The Lusk Committee, says the League's report, has used Bolshevism to spread "insidious conceptions" about the welfare bills and their advocates;

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the National Civic Federation has served as a speaking-tube for the gentle voices of manufacturers who think health insurance akin to revolution. When the Associated Manufacturers and Merchants "investigated" health insurance in England, "it was specifically stipulated by Babcock [the secretary] that the investigators should be 'in harmony with our views' . . . . Babcock's attempt to get an investigator, qualified and disinterested, to prostitute himself to report adversely on the health insurance experience in England, was a failure. It should be noted in passing that the same Frederick L. Hoffman of insurance connections, who assisted Babcock in California, later went to England and through the National Civic Federation and elsewhere is making adverse reports."

IT is patriots of the calibre of Mr. Lusk and Mr. Sweet who are responsible for the trial of the five Socialist Assemblymen at Albany ("the Americanism part of it is a joke"), and who now bring forward five bills designed to head off the drift of public opinion towards health insurance, eight-hour days, and other "fool legislation." One of these bills aims to take care of the revolutionary schoolteacher who might agree with Thomas Jefferson about the folly of suppressing free speech. It provides that all teachers—those now teaching and those who may wish to, in future—must apply to the state authorities for a license. Such licenses will be granted only to a "person of good moral character" who will support "the institutions" of the state and nation. At any time, "for any act or utterance" showing that he is "not loyal" to these institutions, the license may be revoked and the teacher be deprived of the starvation wage which is now paid him.

A SECOND measure proposed by Senator Lusk goes a long way around the legislative bush to put the Rand School out of existence. It rules that without first procuring a license from the state, "no person, firm, corporation, association or society shall conduct, maintain or operate any school, institution, class or course of instruction in any subject whatever." Moreover, no license shall be granted "unless the regents of the university of the state are satisfied that the instruction proposed to be given will not be detrimental to public interests" [i. e., tending toward none of this "fool legislation"]. Licenses, of course, are to be subject to revocation after trial—that is always the Mikado's privilege. And for teaching without a license, sixty days in jail or a fine of one hundred dollars is provided. One wonders just how literally this measure is to be taken. Does it apply to a parent who teaches his child to spell cat? A parent is clearly a "person," the spelling of cat is certainly a "course of instruction." Will the jails be filled to overflowing? Or does the law apply only to the spelling of cat socialistically?

THE three other bills introduced at Albany are a little less startling than those which deal with schools and teachers. They are drawn along more familiar lines, providing for further "Americanization" and for a sharper watch on the criminal anarchists and the seditionists. Introducing these five bills, the Lusk Committee says:

> The laws already on our statute books, if properly enforced, are adequate to protect the institutions of this State and to preserve the constitutional rights of its citizens.

One wonders, in view of that declaration, why these five measures were ever introduced. And then one remembers the only really salient factor in the whole affair. The Lusk Committee has a face to save. It embarked upon a riot of unwarranted searches and seizures. It produced no Bolsheviks. It can, it now proposes to demonstrate, at least produce some legislation.

WE doubt whether there is much political value in the way General Wood's managers have answered the charges of the New York World. Mr. Norman J. Gould, Eastern Manager of the Wood Campaign, does "not care to affirm or deny" the World's list of millionaire contributors to the Wood fund. He does not deny that a vast sum has been expended. In fact, he asserts that he would like to have it vaster still: "We have not collected $1,000,000 but would like to have that sum to spend befittingly in bringing General Wood before the American people." For General Wood, according to Mr. Gould, "is America's foremost citizen." "There is a demand for him throughout the United States." Why is it that the managers of America's foremost citizen, in demand throughout the country, would like to have a million dollars to bring him before the people?

SENATOR BORAH has pointed out the one way in which General Wood's managers can meet the serious charges that have been brought against him. That is by dealing candidly with the public. "What General Wood and his managers should do is to come out, not with the ordinary denial, but in a public statement giving the public the names of the subscribers to his campaign fund, the amount of their subscription, and the manner in which it is being used." So far, however, there has been no sign of such fair dealing. General Wood says he

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has nothing to add to Mr. Procter's statement, and Mr. Procter is content with stating that "General Wood is the candidate of the people." . . . "You don't have to beg people for their brutal and shameless money," says the Wood manager in New Jersey. "They literally throw it at you."

LABOR is profiteering as unscrupulously as capital. That is the burden of many an editor's song. Would you call $9.79 a week profiteering? That is the average sum earned in 1919 by 1587 women workers in the confectionery industry of New York State—as reward for an average working week of 43.6 hours. Or perhaps $10.58 a week is profiteering? That is what 3,313 women in the cigar-making industry earned, as compensation for a week of 46.8 hours. These figures, and others as shameful, are based on a survey made by the Bureau of Labor Statistics and are now published by the Consumers' League in a pamphlet called Women's Wages Today.

IN all, the wages and hours of 13,322 women workers in New York State are covered by the Bureau's survey. What do the figures show, in general? Forty-seven per cent of these workers, in nineteen different industries, earned *less than* 30 *cents an hour* during the period covered. "This means," says the Consumers' League, "that even if the women worked the full 54 hours allowed by law, almost half of them were earning less than $16.20. As a matter of fact, the number earning below a living wage is greater than 47 per cent." Many of the women worked less than the legally permissible 54 hours.

General Wood Goes To The Voters

THE net result of the South Dakota primaries was to show that no one of the three Republican candidates, General Wood, Governor Lowden or Senator Johnson, is the decisive choice of the voters. The three men are closely bunched, and none of them has even half the votes in his favor. Wood had the organization and lots and lots of money; Lowden had an organization and money; Johnson had almost no organization and little money. He gained steadily on the other two men, and secured an amazing proportion of the votes. If he can show anything like the same proportionate strength at the convention in June, Hiram Johnson will be the arbiter of the result. Unless great things happen he cannot himself be the nominee this year, but he will, if he can hold his present pace, decide what other men shall not be the nominees.

If South Dakota is representative of the western sentiment, the minority which supports General Wood is on the defensive. The bulk of the Johnson voters would prefer Lowden to Wood, and the bulk of the Lowden voters would prefer Johnson to Wood. The reason is that a majority of the voters in the western country are moving today in response to an increasingly powerful anti-militarist sentiment. The best proof of this is the character of the campaign waged by the backers of General Wood. Let anyone who doubts this examine the Wood newspaper advertising in South Dakota, or the literature of the Leonard Wood for President Committee.

Take as a sample the four page newspaper issued by that committee at Mitchell, South Dakota, on March 10th, 1920. Johnson is hardly mentioned. It appears from this document that the contest is between Leonard Wood and *Colonel* Lowden. The Governor of Illinois was a Lieutenant-Colonel of the Illinois National Guard in the Spanish-American War. But General Wood is just plain Leonard Wood. The editors of the newspaper are consistent in making this distinction, in itself a pretty plain confession of how the majority of voters in South Dakota feel about a military President.

But they proceed. Seven times in four pages they print the following squib:

> How Wood and Lowden Differ.
>
> Leonard Wood does Not approve of universal compulsory military training. Colonel Frank O. Lowden in two Chicago speeches Indorsed universal compulsory military training in a "Positive, Definite and Enthusiastic Manner."

The ordinary reader would, we fancy, gather from this that it was a fine thing that Mr. Leonard Wood did not approve of universal compulsory military training, and that it was a damaging thing to Colonel Lowden that he had twice indorsed it. The newspaper goes on to *prove* that Colonel Lowden indorsed universal military training at a meeting in the Congress Hotel in Chicago. "Mr. Lowden may pretend that he has never been an advocate of universal military training, but the record is against him." Why, one may ask, should it be so desirable to prove in South Dakota that your opponent is for universal military training, unless it is likely to lose him votes.

But Mr. Wood does "Not approve of universal compulsory military training" in South Dakota. What does he approve of? First let the General's leading supporter in the state, Governor Peter Norbeck, speak (March 5th):

> If the government offered to send your boy to the State Agricultural College at Brookings, or to some

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similar institution for a four months' period, where he would have an option of a mechanical or agricultural course, and if the government should pay all the expenses, would you object?

If the course included an hour or two a day of military training in connection with the vocational training, would you object?

This is Leonard Wood's recommendation for universal training. Is it objectionable?

Wood, however, says that we cannot, and should not have universal training until the American people, through the American Congress, express themselves in favor of it. He adheres to Abraham Lincoln's idea of government—that this government is of, by and for the people.

Now let a headline speak:

Colonel Lowden for Military Training in Chicago; Dodges in South Dakota. Wood against Army Service Plan.

Let another headline speak:

Militarists hate Wood is word Pinchot Brings.

Father of Conservation Movement says Army Autocrats opposed Wood.

Let Mr. Gifford Pinchot speak to the League of Women Voters at Mitchell, South Dakota, on March 3rd:

His ideal for that service is very much the sort of training now given in nearly all of the state universities, combined with something of the same type of military instruction through which passes every boy who graduates from an agricultural college. Moreover, said the General, *the matter is not pressing* (italics ours) and I propose that it be left to the decision of the men who were actually in the army during the war. By their decision I am willing to abide.

Let the General himself speak:

I stand for universal training because I stand for peace. There will be no conscription for service in universal training. The military end of the plan is small and can be accomplished in three or four months coupled with other educational features. . . . .

Let the headlines on the foregoing speak:

I Stand For Peace.

Leading candidate for President says Training for National Service can be accomplished within four months; there will be no conscription.

American people final Judges.

The effect of the South Dakota climate on the General's deepest conviction is fairly evident. The effects are visible elsewhere. His eastern backers will be amazed to learn that in South Dakota Mr. Wood is the champion of the people against Wall Street.

Let a four-column headline on the first page speak:

Backed By Wealth Interests In East "Old Guard" Plots To Scare People From Wood.

Lowden "Represents opponents to Liberalism."

And the text:

Early last January before actively entering the Presidential campaign, Colonel Lowden, who through marriage is a multi-millionaire, went East to confer with the interests with which he always has aligned himself. On January 12th he delivered the principal address at the annual banquet of the New York Bankers Association, held in the gold room of the great Waldorf-Astoria Hotel, and around the board sat 700 men who control eight billion dollars of their own and the people's money.

He was given a great reception by his Wall Street associates.

Favorite of Money Element Cheered

'They waved handkerchiefs and shouted their approval, indicating that Lowden is still the favorite of a big moneyed element for President Wilson's job,' says a newspaper account of the banquet. The affair commonly was called 'Belshazzar's Feast' and Colonel Lowden told the millionaires, multi-millionaires and billionaires who applauded him:

'The Government cannot be efficient if you neglect it.'

At once the Lowden boom took on new form and strength.

Granting that no political campaign can be conducted without a good deal of buncomb, it is nevertheless instructive to know what particular kind of buncomb the Wood supporters are talking in the West. America is a vast empire, and one section does not always know what the other is doing. It is so big a country that a candidate who puts office first and principle nowhere can be for compulsory military service among his friends in the big cities and let his supporters pretend that he is against it among the rural voters. It is so big a country that his managers can denounce Wall Street in South Dakota, and still please the New York Times in New York. But somebody before he is through is destined to be almightily fooled: either the people who believe in what Wood really stands for, or the people who do not.

Senator France

FRANCE of Maryland has called this country back to its liberties, and forward through those liberties to the changes radically needed by our existing economic system, in words which make him one of the most appropriate leaders of our coming possible national Restoration.

Senator France, speaking these words to the Senate, went straight through to the great truth that we have had in fact in this country a revolution toward arbitrary government, by statute and by bureaucrat and by mob, and that the first step forward is a Restoration of authentic Americanism and of its two ancient marks:

(1) A fear of encroachments on liberty.

(2) A fearlessness of change, however radical, within liberty.

Such a Restoration Senator France places at its right level—above all personalities, above all par-

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ties. He does not speak as a Republican Senator only. He speaks also as a Senator of the United States. He says plainly that if his party will not undertake the work of making America America again, then some other party must undertake it and bring it to accomplishment.

Not often in our day has a Senator so explicitly preferred his country to his party. Senator France's speech is really an actually patriotic speech.

We quote from it at some length, in fragments which, taken together, exhibit its whole spirit. We do not follow all of Senator France's dealings with details. We follow the spirit of those dealings absolutely. This country stands at a moment of parting roads, running toward an American Restoration or else toward a period of political and industrial profiteering absolutism. Senator France has expressed this moment candidly and clearly and has cast his vote against absolutism irreconcilably without reservations.

He says:

"There exist today in the United States two great political parties which were formed around issues long since dead. . . . . Judged by their legislative records in Congress during the last three years, both of these two great parties are as decadent as the issues which first quickened them into being."

"The stupid policies of blind and reactionary Bourbonism have prevailed when there arose the question of the preservation during war of the inherent natural rights and personal liberties of the sovereign people of the Republic."

"Bourbonism is not Americanism, and all of the foolish efforts of the reactionaries to create the new American crime of radicalism are bound to fail. Our great Americans have always been political radicals, and this Republic has always been the great radical among the nations."

"The Democratic party has created the most powerful despot in all the world. The Republican party has connived at the setting up of this autocracy."

"We resolve to resist to the uttermost the recent enormous growth of executive power."

"We hold it to be an elemental and self-evident truth that there can be no free government without practical and absolute freedom of speech, an uninfluenced and unfettered press, and the unabridged right of the people to assemble to petition for a redress of their grievances. We demand the immediate restoration of these rights, the repeal of the unconstitutional and tyrannical Espionage act, and a recommendation of amnesty for all political prisoners held under this federal statute only for political opinions or for words spoken or written, as distinguished from direct incitement to violence, acts of violence, or overt acts against the government. You have condemned Bolshevism for its confiscation of real and personal *property*. But that is a worse form of Bolshevism which confiscates real and personal *rights*. Confiscation of real and personal property affects the few. The confiscation of real and personal rights impoverishes all."

"There is but one test of loyalty: Is a man loyal to this Constitution and does he feel a whole-hearted love and devotion for the institutions of liberty which it creates and insures? Judged by this test, I fear that in federal prisons today there may languish true patriots and that there may be sitting in legislative halls men with disloyal and traitorous hearts."

"We demand an end to the taxing of the people for the payment of swarms of federal spies, agents and special officers, who may become parasites, blackmailers, sappers of political morality and a menace to liberty."

"We urge the repeal of the eighteenth amendment to the Constitution and a reconsideration by the people of the great question involved in it under conditions which will insure an unimpassioned consideration, unclouded by the temporary conditions of war and unaffected by the hysteria and prejudice which were incident to its submission at a time when full and free discussion were impossible."

"We favor privately owned, cooperating, regional railroad corporations, each controlled by a cooperative board, consisting of members one-third of whom would represent the bankers and investors —one-third of whom, chosen by the employees, would represent labor—and one-third to be appointed by the government to represent the consumers of transportation."

"The vital reform to be contended for is some representation of the employees in the responsibility of management and some participation by them in any excess of earnings."

"The participation of the employees in the responsibility of management should not be confined to mere membership by a few in the directing boards. The elective system for the selection of shop foremen and of men for other positions might be wisely and widely employed."

"The principle of democracy and cooperation in industry is a sound and progressive one; and this country, with its large reserves of initiative and its absence of aristocratic traditions should lead in its rational application."

"Production cannot be increased so long as labor is considered to be a mere commodity. So long as

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it is considered to be a mere commodity, the man who has labor to sell will sell as little as possible for the highest price, while the employer will seek to buy as much as possible for the lowest wage. Labor must be considered as capital, as an *investment*, which should earn interest; and those who furnish the labor must participate in the management, share the responsibility and the profit, and cooperate to render the service of production."

"We believe that the iniquitous Treaty of Versailles is largely responsible for the present confusion and chaos in Europe and that we can restore order and sanity to the world only by approaching the whole problem of peace in a new and different spirit from that in which this vindictive and impossible document was drawn."

"We urge the immediate reestablishment of peace on the general principles enunciated in the fourteen points. . . . . We urge the principle of self-determination for the nations of Europe, particularly Russia and Ireland."

"We express our gratification that one of the great political parties of England—the party which we hope will shortly come into power—has taken a definite stand in favor of the principle that it is incumbent on all countries having colonies to meet the responsibility of fitting the subject peoples for self-government and for ultimate admission into the society of nations."

"We denounce the League of Nations (as proposed) as a scheme worked out in secret by imperialistic interests for a new armed coalition designed to preserve the old international order with its intolerable system of colonial expansion and human exploitation. We urge the calling of an international conference to consider an international arrangement for a concert of nations for the elevation, education, liberation and ultimate self-determination of the backward peoples of the earth."

"Let us go back to the principles of the Republic, back to liberty."

"By our next national election we shall determine whether we shall rush recklessly on upon our present course to the unknown and uncomputed perils of a continued disregard of principles, of the Constitution and of law . . . . . or whether we shall turn with loathing from these political husks, fit only for the swine, and go back to our home, back to the faith of the fathers, back to the reacceptance and reaffirmation of the great principles of liberty."

"The unavoidable issue now is liberty . . . . the liberty that we were told in this war we fought for, but which we forfeited . . . . the liberty which we have known, loved, and lost: political liberty, personal liberty, liberty of opinion, liberty of action, liberty of self-expression, self-responsibility and self-determination."

"The practical question is: How shall we revive the spirit of Americanism and rekindle the flame of the love of liberty on the altar of every American heart?"

"If the Republican party—the party of Lincoln the Liberator—shall not now become the party of liberty and if it will not again announce that in all the world there is no issue which compares with the securing and the widest applying of liberty, then there must arise a new party which shall express the aspirations of those millions of Americans who now demand a restoration of their liberty."

Such is the spirit of the speech by Mr. France. We think that it fitted the moment. We think that it is the only sort of spirit through which it is conceivable that there should be a *political* transition from the America of the past to the America of the future. In any other spirit the transition is industrial and dictatorial and direct, without benefit or benediction of Senators or of Presidents. Senator France made a conservative speech. He spoke for the only way in which progress by political action and not by industrial mass action can be conserved.

We agree that there are millions of Americans who will wish to follow that way—when it is made plain—and to repair to the banner of liberty political and industrial—when it is raised and moving. There are a half dozen of Senator France's colleagues—a half dozen—who, if they started alone to carry that banner down the road as Irreconcilables of Liberty would draw the millions after them to a triumphant American Restoration in the followings of both parties.

The A. F. of L. in Politics

MR. GOMPERS is not so firmly set upon old platforms and old methods as his critics thought he was. Within the past ten days he has given both platform and method an overhauling.

The new platform, in our judgment, is the most radical and most democratic that has yet issued from Mr. Gompers's office. Compare it with the statement of principles issued on December 13th. That statement, abounding in flowery and uncritical generalization, attempted to define an active policy for "the urgent problems that sorely trouble our nation and vitally affect us as workers." It protested against autocratic corporation influence, against covert attacks upon trade unionism, against the threat to deprive labor of its right to strike in general, against the Cummins bill in particular,

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against the use of the injunction, against the attitude of the employers' group in the President's Industrial Conference. Its protests far outnumbered its positive recommendations. Some of the latter—advocacy of the cooperative system, for instance—had their roots deep in the ground. Others, legacies from programs of twenty years' standing, were less essential. The December manifesto neither came to grips with a good many basic issues nor made its attack on a front wide enough to accommodate men and women who are "workers" despite the fact that they hold no cards in the Federation of Labor.

Toward meeting fundamental issues and toward broadening the base of its appeal, the new Federation statement makes considerable progress. It puts much sharper emphasis upon problems of production and distribution, upon taxation, the use of credits, education, excessive profits and costs. The program is nothing like the credo of the British Labor party. No single problem is so deeply plumbed; no similar effort made to fit each "answer" into a completed pattern. Nevertheless, a new emphasis is unmistakable. Of the fourteen planks in Mr. Gompers's program, all but two (both of which are associated with the right to strike) are drawn as much in the interest of the unorganized laborer, the small farmer, and the salaried worker as of the trade unionist himself.

This shift of emphasis, in our opinion, is both significant and wholesome. It shows a quickening interest on the part of American labor leaders in the perplexities and ambitions of groups outside the trade unions. That interest has room to grow. But even in its sprouting it is an encouraging development.

How to put the new program into effect is the subject of the second statement recently issued by A. F. of L. headquarters. Mr. Gompers is still for " a national non-partisan campaign." He is still against a national Labor party. But in the matter of tactics, as well as of program, there is an innovation. Something more is to be done than reward friends and punish enemies: "Our central bodies and our local non-partisan political committees have a great opportunity in the primaries. Here a smashing effort can be made to nominate members of trade unions for elective office."

Labor with the official backing of Mr. Gompers and his colleagues is to put candidates of its own in the field. In what number it is not suggested. Nor does the statement indicate whether labor will run its own candidate against a "friend," or will simply confine itself to putting up candidates against the "enemy." In any event, in adopting the method used by the Nonpartisan League in North Dakota, Mr. Gompers has put a cutting edge on his political weapon for the first time. If he is in earnest about it, if he really intends putting the full strength of organized labor behind trade union candidates, he is likely to cut a deep gash in some of the industrial sections of the country.

There is this difference, however, between Mr. Gompers's possible success with the primaries and the success which the Nonpartisan League has had. The program of the League, while capable of expansion to a national basis, remains nevertheless a program which can very largely be achieved on the basis of state action. Capture the legislative and administrative machinery of the state and you can put to the test your experiments in state-owned elevators and packing plants, state supervision of grading, state extension of credits to the farmer.

In the A. F. of L. program, however, there is a great deal that can only be achieved by the capture of Congress and of the Presidency itself. That is an ambitious undertaking. It will certainly not be accomplished overnight. But it must be accomplished eventually if the greater part of Mr. Gompers's program is ever to become a reality. Mr. Gompers probably realizes this, and is relying upon the independent labor nominees plus the "friends of labor." It is our guess that these "friends" will disappoint him. They owe too substantial a loyalty to Democratic and Republican party organization to travel the pace his new program sets for them.

What alone will make a reality of this program or any other radical program is, we believe, a coalition of trade unionists, unorganized labor, salaried workers, farmers and other groups that would benefit by the legislation proposed. Mr. Gompers, presumably, would be glad to have such voters support the A. F. of L. candidates. That support is just what his new program invites. But the invitation has a string to it. The other groups are not to be full partners. They will have no part in choosing the candidates, no share in drawing the platform. But if they are to give their votes, they may legitimately ask for these two privileges. There is only one way they can have them. That is by the organization of a Labor party.

From the idea of a Labor party Mr. Gompers holds aloof. He distrusts it. He is afraid that it will split trade union ranks, and he wants to see the unions keep their strength. With that desire we heartily sympathize. Trade unionism has been a tremendous force for industrial democracy in the past; it has a great role to play in future. But it is hard to believe that a Labor party and a strong trade unionism are two mutually exclusive things. Stronger than any unions in America are the Miners and Transport Workers in Great Britain. And

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in the councils of the Labor party no two unions are more active.

The fact of the matter is, that not only in England but throughout the western world the trade unions are gaining political power more rapidly than the Socialists. This may be a temporary development. But it is to be observed in France; and in Germany it is Legien and not Daumig or Kohn who writes the terms upon which Ebert capitulates.

Inevitably, in our own country the trade unions will reach out for political power. There is too much essential to the development of industrial democracy which industrial action alone can never bring. The real question is not whether the unions will go into politics, but how they will go in. Will they adopt that method which is at once the most democratic and the most effective? Democratic exercise of political power demands a majority. Organized labor will lack that majority until it invites the cooperation of the classes akin to it economically. It cannot invite them half-heartedly. It must insist upon their full partnership in the enterprise. The democratic regeneration of American politics is as much a spiritual task as anything else. It cannot be achieved through cooperation once a year, at election time. It is possible only through the steady building of what amounts to a political faith, without becoming dogma.

Rent and Housing

THERE are rapacious landlords. There are landlords who might properly be classed as brigands. But are many landlords really like that, or do they merely seem like that to their tenants? Either way you look at it, you confront a serious problem. If a whole class of men and women, of the same blood and nurture as the rest of us, have turned into rapacious exploiters, there must be something radically wrong with the business that makes them such. If the landlord's behavior is innocent in itself, and the rapacity only a matter of appearance, the hostility it engenders is an exceedingly disturbing fact. Such scenes as were recently enacted in Albany are not making for social and political harmony and happiness.

Although it may be difficult, let us try to look at the matter as one with two sides. The tenant's side is plain enough. Everywhere rents are jumping upward. In some cases the landlord attempts to justify the rise by pointing to increased cost of operation. He pays more for coal, for janitor hire, for repairs. The pretext is often pretty thin, since what the landlord pays out on account of increasing costs is likely to be but a fraction of his new exactions from the tenant. Or perhaps the landlord makes some trifling improvement to justify a new scale of rentals: paints the front of the house and doubles the rent, to cite a case recently brought to our attention. With pretext or without, the tenant is made to pay what amounts to a much higher return on the landlord's investment. That seems to be the rule in most of our large cities and in many of our smaller cities as well.

And why should not rents rise, demands the landlord. All other prices have risen. Everybody pays twice as much for bread and meat, for clothing and hangings and furniture as in 1913. Who is crying out about the rapacity of the laborers, the farmers, the manufacturers, the merchants, who are dividing among themselves just twice as many dollars for a given service as they did before the war? What is there to distinguish housing from those other services for which men cheerfully pay at a hundred per cent advance? Only this, you see who gets the money extorted from you. Everywhere else it is possible to "pass the buck." The shoe dealer collects sixteen dollars for a pair of shoes for which he used to charge eight. He is not to blame, oh no; the jobber drives him to it. The manufacturer drives the jobber, and the leather producer and the laborers drive the manufacturer, and these in turn are driven by "general conditions." What do "general conditions" mean, anyway, except that all along the line everybody needs the money, and can take it? And the landlord encounters, he believes, the same general conditions.

Look at it from the point of view of the producer of additional housing—for somehow or other, we must have additional housing. As report after report comes in from the census office it becomes steadily clearer that our city population is growing rapidly. In ten years New York has increased in population by over a million; latterly it has increased by 150,000 a year. Other cities are growing as rapidly. House room must be found for this increasing population. How cheaply can it be produced? The cost of building has not yet gone so high as the cost of most other things. During the war we resorted to overcrowding, rather than apply labor and materials to new construction. That accounts for a lag in the advance of building prices. Nevertheless they are at least seventy-five per cent above the pre-war level. It would be unreasonable to expect accommodation in a new house at pre-war rentals. No one would build a house, today, unless he could count on rentals three-fourths higher than those of 1913. Next year building costs will probably attain to the same level as other prices, and rentals in new buildings will be at least double those of the pre-war period.

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But where, demands the tenant, is the logic of one hundred per cent advance in the rent of an old building, not affected by increased building costs? Where, retorts the landlord, is the logic of low rents for the favored individuals who happen to be settled in old buildings while those who must resort to the new buildings have to pay high rents for equivalent accommodations? Are we to have a class of privileged tenants and a class of unprivileged? Imagine the waiting list, when a privileged tenant found himself compelled to vacate. One would pay good money to be at the top of the list. Would not that fact indicate that the owner was being kept out of something that was legitimately his own?

And if we are to have privileged tenants, why not privileged milk consumers, who draw their supplies from near at hand; privileged coal consumers, burning coal from the thicker seams; privileged consumers in fact wherever a product comes to market under conditions of differential costs. But all products fall in this class, and we strive for the one price system, nevertheless.

There is, one must admit, logic as well as occasional rapacity in the rise of rents. It is the accepted logic of the accepted economic system. We are relying on private initiative to supply us with housing, under competitive conditions. So long as we do this we must expect rentals to gravitate toward a remunerative level for new construction. If new construction were greatly cheapened, we should mock at the owner of an old building who expected a fair income on his original cost. We should advise him to be content with what he could get. Now he wants to take what he can get, when new construction is inordinately high, and we curse him, all the while remaining obstinately loyal, we conceive, to the logic of the current economic system.

There is, of course, no doubt that at a time when rents are rising it is possible for unscrupulous landlords to create a veritable panic among their tenants and extract from them payments in excess of what would be a fair return even on new construction. Competition has never worked frictionlessly to regulate the relations of landlord and tenant. An expert public commission ought to oversee those relations and curb sporadic tendencies of exploitation. But if such a commission were to work on the generally accepted premises of our business system, it could hardly remain long aloof from the principle that the tenant must pay what amounts to a fair return, not on historical construction costs, but on construction costs here and now. And that would be to sanction a great part of what we now groan under as grievous profiteering. For any other principle would be pretty certain to check construction and substitute for the evil of high rents the greater evil of congestion.

It is all a desperate tangle, however you view it, if you must work on the premise that the only way to house the people of a modern city is to leave the matter to chance and private initiative. Why must you work on that premise? Have you not somewhere buried in your consciousness a recognition of the fact that the housing of a city's population is essentially a public service, about the most vital public service of all; that the land on which a city is built, the improvements on it and the means of transportation that make it accessible are alike essentials of city living that ought not to be the sport of chance and speculation, but the subject of a comprehensive policy directed toward the public welfare? There is room for private initiative in helping to supply the manifold housing wants of the city, but is there nothing better to be done with private initiative than to leave it to waste itself in speculation on gains and losses? Is there nothing better to be done with advancing ground values and such gains as the current rise in rents afford than to leave them to the invidious enrichment of the few? There must be a way in which advancing values may be applied more directly to finance new improvements to serve as a reserve against losses, which we should not forget, were recently as frequent as gains in realty investments.

There are some eighty measures for controlling rents before the legislature at Albany. We conceive that there is room for another measure, to provide for a comprehensive survey of housing as a public utility, to determine by what means this supreme category of public needs can be lifted out of the plane of speculation and disorder.

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The President's Industrial Conference

IT goes without saying that every effort towards a temperate and scientific understanding of the industrial problem should be welcomed, and every agreement diminishing "the area of conflict" should be encouraged. For what is needed today, probably more than anything else, is a tolerant and fructifying temper of mind in which alone the complexities of industry can be explored. But good feeling must not evade vital issues, if it is to furnish adequate impulse to good action. Goodwill does not dispense with courageous thinking, nor is agreement an end in itself. False doctrine becomes most mischievous when supported by authority.

No one can read the report of the President's second Industrial Conference without feeling respect for its sincere effort to add to the fund of good will indispensable to any dealing with the problem. The report is a measured and temperate document, produced by a group of men honestly seeking to understand the present industrial unrest and to further industrial progress in line with American democratic principles. But the Conference, at its very inception, was conditioned by the quality of its personnel and since, apparently, final unanimity was the dominant consideration, the report necessarily reflects the limitation. This accounts both for what is said and what is omitted.

The Conference thus announces its attitude on certain fundamental aspects of industrial relations:

"While the relations between employers and employees are primarily a human problem, the relationship in its legal aspects is one of contract. In the development and establishment of this right of contract on the part of workmen, is written the history of labor. . . . . It may aid in comprehending the work of the Conference to recall that the present condition of freedom has come about not so much from positive laws as from the removal of restrictions which the laws impose upon the rights and the freedom of men. The Conference confesses that in the prosecution of its work it has been animated by a profound conviction that this freedom that has been wrought out after many centuries of struggle should be preserved."

In these sentences are avowed the juristic theory and the philosophic outlook of the Conference, which, besides being bad law and worse history, are fraught, in my opinion, with great mischief in their practical consequences. That these views are the commonplaces of American legal thought and decisions makes their indorsement by the Conference all the more important, and serves, in its own words, to "aid in comprehending the work of the Conference."

The doctrine thus sponsored by the Conference is the nineteenth century philosophy of the enthronement of the will, and the insistence on contract as the instrument of its attainment. Free men from restrictions and they will achieve their maximum individual self-assertion; let the state function as little as possible and free will, through the mechanism of contract, will accomplish the maximum good.

The reaction from the French Revolution and the exuberance of the early days of the Industrial Revolution gave a free field to this conception of abstract individualism. The ruling legal theory was compressed in Sir Henry Maine's famous dictum that progress is from status to contract; and Herbert Spencer furthered the philosophy of individualism by an imposing style.

But even Spencer's ponderous volumes were powerless against the stern realities of life; and English legal history since Maine, as well as prior to the nineteenth century, demonstrates the fallacy of his generalization. The legal theory of freedom through contract, applied to a progressively industrial civilization, soon brought the train of evils and difficulties which still confront us. Both legislative and judicial law-making, it became plain, had to put curbs on contract if law was to deal with flesh-and-blood men, women and children. The history of England from the days of Shaftesbury to the present is a history of limitations upon "this right of contract." Regulation of the employment of children, women and even men became essential if the state was to regard its welfare as well as its wealth. And so the Factory acts, the Workmen's Compensation laws, the Trade Union acts, wage boards, and Insurance acts took over a large part of the field of contract. The law—"positive laws"—realized that the individual was powerless to contract and so threw the weight of the state into the balance. It authorized group action and sought to make such authorization effective. Through legislation, not through contract, it sought to assure security against exploitation, security of life and limb, security of tenure, security against the handicaps of old age. Thus the course of events made

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it more accurate to say that development was from contract to status: that rights and duties flow from the relationship of the parties and not from their volition. In working out the legal rights and liabilities not from contract but from the relation of the parties in the field of labor, the law is following familiar English legal history. Not contract, but relation governs the legal situation in many other fields than in industry.

English legal history has been largely repeated in the United States. The doctrine of Maine and Spencer was suited to the Puritan tradition and adopted to a pioneer agricultural country. Here, too, however, as in England, the pressure of facts has made inroads on abstract theory, and legislation by "positive laws" has had to put curbs on contract, as in the regulation of hours of labor, of the employment of women and children, the Truck acts, Minimum Wage legislation, Workmen's Compensation laws etc., etc.

But whereas in England facts need merely the acceptance of Parliament (and a sympathetic interpretation of legislation by courts) with us, they must be able to jump the hurdles of constitutionality. Hence it comes about that what in England is merely a passing theory of legal philosophy, in the United States, through judicial interpretation, becomes encysted into rigid constitutional provisions. Thus Maine's dogma, long after it was discarded in England, flourished in this country as constitutional law. For decades courts, including the Supreme Court of the United States, went on the assumption that the Bill of Rights enacted Mr. Herbert Spencer's "Social Statics." (See Mr. Justice Holmes's dissent in Lochner v. New York, 198 U. S. 45, 75-76).

The bar and bench of this country are still profoundly in the grip of Maine and Spencer. Not until we are emancipated from their dogma can we deal wisely and freely with our industrial problems. For consideration of the legal relation between employers and employees is one of the subjects which, the President's Commission rightly holds, "should underlie any approach to the industrial problem." And here the Conference throws its weight against the liberalizing process and on the side of the exploded fallacies of "this right of contract," plainly stating that to "aid in comprehending the work of the Conference" it adopted the conception of "freedom" based on the theory of "the removal of restrictions."

Why are these avowals of the legal theory of the Conference important? Because while the Conference asserts its belief in collective bargaining, it studiously avoids all direct discussion of the most effective instrument for collective bargaining, namely, the trade union. Everyone now believes in "collective bargaining." The National Industrial Conference Board has again and again asserted its adherence to the "principle." Everyone believes in "employee representation"; Mr. John Leitch advertises it as though it were the installation of a patent plumbing system. The crucial questions are the applications, as the essence of law always is in its enforcement. There is no way of escaping a consideration in law and in opinion of the function trade unions should play, if we are really to understand whether employee representation, as the Conference conceives it, subtly operates to undermine and oppose trade unionism. I believe Mr. Gompers is wrong in his opposition. But it will be impossible to persuade Mr. Gompers and trade unionists generally of their error, until they can understand exactly what service trade unions may fulfill in the state.

On these vital questions the report of the Conference is silent, and this silence makes the legal theory which it espouses significant and baneful. For while the report adverts to the "organization of labor into strong associations which may contract with employers for employees as a group," consideration of the actual legal position which the group, that is, the trade union, should enjoy, is carefully omitted. Moreover, legal history shows that it is precisely through this doctrine of "this right of contract" that courts have put the greatest obstacle in the way of legitimatizing organized labor and thereby imposing upon them appropriate responsibilities. Largely because of the attitude of the law, trade unions have become fighting organizations and industrial peace has been thwarted.

The history of this struggle between law and labor unions is written in three leading cases in the Supreme Court of the United States. In the Adair case (208 U. S. 161) a majority of the court held unconstitutional an act of Congress prohibiting the discharge of an employee by an interstate carrier solely because of his membership in a labor organization. The significance of this opinion was thus illumined by Mr. Justice McKenna in his dissent: "We are told that labor associations are to be commended. May not then Congress recognize their existence; yes, and recognize their power as conditions to be counted with in framing its legislation? Of what use would it be to attempt to bring bodies of men to agreement and compromise of controversies if you put out of view the influences which move them or the fellowship which binds them—maybe controls and impels them—whether rightfully or wrongfully, to make the cause of one the cause of all? And this practical wisdom Congress

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observed—observed, I may say, not in speculation of uncertain provision of evils,but in experience of evils—an experience which approached to the dimensions of a national calamity." Mr. Justice McKenna in this passage had in mind that the act was passed by Congress after the great railway strike of 1894, in an effort to deal with the root difficulties of that strike and to avoid similar occurrences. Richard Olney, who, as Attorney-General, proceeded against Debs and his associates in the Chicago strike, spoke out with customary bluntness when the Supreme Court nullified Congressional effort against the recurrence of a railway strike by a sterile conception of "liberty of contract": Labor unions "have come into being as necessary measures of protection and defence. For the individual laborer to expect to cope with associated and organized capital on even terms or with any reasonable expectation of exacting justice and equity in their relations was seen to be impossible. Only by their united and disciplined strength could those with labor to sell hope to make reasonable terms with the partnerships and corporations desirous to buy. . . . . To shut a man from work because he is a member of a labor union, is to deliver an attack upon labor unions of the deadliest character. If the attack cannot be prevented by being put under the ban of the law, the labor unions can hardly do otherwise than assert themselves and repel the attack through a strike."

The Adair case was followed and extended by the Coppage case (236 U. S. 1). In that case, in 1915, the Supreme Court held unconstitutional a statute forbidding employers to exact from employees an agreement not to join a labor organization as a condition of employment. An effort had been made by legislation in a number of states to prevent discrimination against workmen simply and solely because of affiliation with a trade union. By one stroke the Supreme Court thus struck down the laws of California, Colorado, Connecticut, Indiana, Kansas, Massachusetts, Minnesota, New Hampshire, New Jersey, New York, Oklahoma, Oregon, Pennsylvania and Wisconsin. The effect of this decision was thus interpreted by Mr. Justice Day and Mr. Justice Hughes: "The right to join labor unions is undisputed and has been the subject of frequent affirmation in judicial opinions. . . . . The act must be taken as an attempt of the legislature to enact a statute which it deemed necessary to the good order and security of society. . . . . The legislature may have believed, acting upon conditions known to it, that the public welfare would be promoted by the enactment of a statute which should prevent the compulsory exaction of written agreements to forego the acknowledged legal right here involved, as a condition of employment in one's trade or occupation. . . . . It is constantly emphasized that the case presented is not one of coercion. But in view of the relative positions of employer and employed, who is to deny that the stipulation here insisted upon and forbidden by the law is essentially coercive? No form of words can strip it of its true character. . . . . I think that the act now under consideration, and kindred ones, are intended to promote the same liberty of action for the employee as the employer confessedly enjoys. The law should be as zealous to protect the constitutional liberty of the employee as it is to guard that of the employer."

Mr. Justice Holmes tersely exploded the fallacy of "this right of contract" which the Court applied and the President's Conference now approves: "In present conditions a workman not unnaturally may believe that only by belonging to a union can he secure a contract that shall be fair to him. . . . If that belief, whether right or wrong, may be held by a reasonable man, it seems to me that it may be enforced by law in order to establish that equality of position between the parties in which liberty of contract begins."

The final step was taken about two years ago when the Supreme Court, in the Hitchman case (245 U. S. 259), placed the power of injunction, against efforts to unionize a plant, behind the employer's "liberty of contract" to have his men remain non-union. The cue furnished by the Hitchman case was followed by employers generally, and they compelled agreements from workers not to join unions. Such agreements on the one hand were immune from attack by legislation as a protection of "this right of contract," while on the other they were assured of the most powerful help furnished by our law—the injunction.

The mischievous consequences resulting from these decisions are revealed, in part, in the cases which came before the War Labor Board during the war. Although the Supreme Court had held constitutional the right to dismiss workmen because of trade union membership and the right to secure agreements from workmen not to join trade unions, such rights in fact impeded production necessary for the conduct of the war and were therefore prohibited. In a great number of cases, arising throughout the country, the War Labor Board, Mr. Taft concurring, was compelled to forbid discrimination against workers because of trade union affiliation or activity. And these were large employers, including the National Refining Co., the General Electric, Smith & Wesson, the American Hide & Leather, the Brooklyn Rapid Transit System, the Minneapolis Steel and Machinery Co., the Wash-

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ington R. R. and Electric Co., the Corn Products Co., etc., etc.

Since the war nothing has happened to make the trade unionists feel that they have a secure position before the law, and much has happened to undermine their confidence. The proceedings before Judge Anderson, the injunction he granted and the imitators he has had, have intensified and deepened the feeling of distrust of organized labor as to its legal status.

Why is there no reference to these important questions by the Conference? Why, in the long list of causes of industrial unrest, is there no reference made to the use of the injunction in labor conflicts? Obviously a discussion of these matters would have developed differences of opinion among the Conference and unanimity was the aim. Wisely, it seems, the Conference considered its most useful function to be the interpretation of "actual achievements" in the field of industrial relations, yet in the pursuit of its ideal of unanimity it denied itself and the public the expert knowledge possessed by some of its members and the knowledge adduced before it as to the functions of trade unions, their contributions, their limitations, their strength and their weakness, their equipment as producers, their interests as consumers. There are passing references to the contentious issue between the closed and open shop but the whole experience of the preferential shop is not so much as mentioned. All these are fields of "practical experience" which call for critical evaluation. What Mr. Stanley King has learned from a wide business and governmental experience would greatly enlighten public opinion. The detailed views of an old trade union leader like Secretary Wilson, in the perspective of his reflections as a Cabinet member of singular disinterestedness, would furnish rare information for judgment. The education which the members of the Conference themselves doubtless gained is just the process to understanding which the public needs. That is precisely what we miss in this report, that is precisely what the public got through the three different reports of the Sankey Coal Commission. The public hearings were public education; and the detailed discussion in the reports, by men like Mr. Justice Sankey, Sir Arthur Duckham, Sidney Webb and R. H. Tawney not only created the right atmosphere but served as guiding interpretations to the understanding of the evidence and towards evolving right action.

What is needed is a relentless search for the truth wherever it may lead and enunciation of the results of such an inquiry. We ought to venture an appeal to understanding. If trade union activities or attitudes of mind require plain speaking, leaders and the rank and file can be made to listen and to reexamine articles of their faith. If employers need to be awakened to their blindness, frankness from men like the late Henry B. Endicott is enlightening. If, above all, the public needs to be aroused to an understanding of its responsibility, it should not be spared. But education involves candor, and completeness at least in formulating issues. Truth as to controversial problems cannot be smuggled in through an innocent-looking Trojan horse.

FELIX FRANKFURTER.

America in Passaic

I WENT into New Jersey to Passaic; and there I saw a crowd of workingmen assemble to listen to the Reverend Norman Thomas, and also to the Reverend Harry F. Ward of the Union Theological Seminary of New York; and I saw policemen drive these workingmen by lawless force and violence from the hall; and I learned that the seat of economic power in Passaic is in five great textile mills which constitute together the one great industry of the town; and I learned that police permission and police surveillance are necessary to any meeting of the Passaic local of the Amalgamated Textile Workers; and I saw policemen allow non-textile speakers from New York to speak freely from a platform in a hall while out of that hall at that same time they forcibly and violently expelled that audience of textile workers; and I thought I would write something about Passaic and liberty and textile workers and economic power and Americanism and—above all—the daily and nightly espionage system which by a multitude of spies the five great textile mills of Passaic maintain over the textile workers in the course of a campaign of Americanization.

It is a large theme. In Passaic one finds the elements of our contemporary industrial life so gathered and so mixed that nature might stand up and say, "There's a composite picture of extreme American modernity for you."

In this article I will go over some of those elements in review, narrating them as they appear in Passaic's recent history.

Passaic is a specialized town, specializing in woollens and worsteds, and lying within the orbit of the vast generalized town of New York. The principal textile interests of Passaic have factories

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in Passaic and also offices in New York. To get to Passaic from New York one travels across a dozen miles of what was once, I suppose, a scene capable of evoking poems from Sidney Lanier—a watery wistful low-level meadow—which is still watery enough all right but which looks simply soggy and sloppy now, with a great complicated criss-cross of poles and wires and tracks set down upon it like the dumped gear of a hasty and untidy camping-party.

In Passaic there are many foreigners. In a modern American specialized town one often finds many foreigners. In Passaic these foreigners are approximately two-thirds of the population.

Last year, in the spring, they went on a strike. It amounted almost to a general strike. The workers of Passaic, virtually in mass, struck. They struck during many days. The loss of life and the destruction of property was as follows: Lives lost, none; property destroyed, none.

This strike was conducted by an impromptu union. Its members subsequently voted to join the Amalgamated Textile Workers. From the beginning the espionage system was disclosed. In the impromptu union itself it was found that numerous unionists were unionists and spies.

The instructions given to some of them (from somewhere) are definitely American. That is, they define Americanism. They say: "Americanism, when brewed down, is nothing more or less than the ability to speak some English and to use common ordinary everyday horse-sense."

Pursuing Americanism, the spy is to furnish answers on a printed form to such questions as: "Who did you meet on the way to work? What did he, she, or they say? Who did you talk to during the morning? What did he, she or they say?"

Mr. J. Frank Andres, who is the secretary and spokesman of the "council" of wool manufacturers in Passaic, believes that spies have an important social and sociological mission. He says:

"At this critical time it is of the highest importance for manufacturers to use agents among their workers for the dissemination of truth against the doctrines of hatred and antagonism which are being preached by such men as the leaders of the Amalgamated."

Mr. Andres's agents are opposed to the doctrines of hatred and antagonism. They are agents of love and reconciliation.

But in the midst of their discharge of their mission they analyzed a certain visitor to Passaic. Then and there began a trouble. Then and there began a new fame, too, which spread Passaic into the metropolitan press and which gained for it the earnest attention of free users of some English like the Reverend Norman Thomas and the Reverend Harry Ward.

The report made to Mr. Andres by his agents on the subject of the stranger in Passaic said that she was Mrs. Alice Borrows of the Educational Division of the United States Department of Labor. It was a quick report, but headed in the right general direction. The lady was Mrs. Alice Barrows Fernandez of the Bureau of Education of the United States Department of the Interior. I see that I have called her a lady. The report emphatically says "this woman."

Mrs. Fernandez happened into this report. Mr. Andres, receiving it from his espionagents, sent it to the local superintendent of schools. The local superintendent of schools, receiving it from Mr. Andres, candidly presented it to Mrs. Fernandez. Mrs. Fernandez read it. She read it and learned that conversations between her and certain officers of the Amalgamated Textile Workers had been surreptitiously overheard and subterraneously circulated.

She learned, and she proceeded to have a real authentic American reaction and ruction. The fact is that a horrible mistake had been made. The espionage system of Passaic went out to catch some sort of agitatory outcast. It found itself in possession of a niece of Thomas Brackett Reed. And Mrs. Fernandez proceeded to count the members of the Passaic Woollen Council more or less as her uncle used to count a quorum in Washington.

It did them no good to deny that they were there, in this matter of espionage. Mrs. Fernandez had seen it working on her own absolutely legitimate—and official—affairs. She denounced it to Mr. Andres; and she denounced it to members of the Passaic Woollen Council; and she denounced it to the Passaic Board of Education; and, in her report to the United States Bureau of Education, she published it.

Her words on espionage in that report are words printed officially by the American government on a practice which is now penetrating the United States with the departed spirit of the Tsaristic and Kaiseristic police systems.

Industrial espionage, political espionage, spies hired by corporations, spies hired by cities, spies hired by states, spies hired by the federal government, spies hired by societies of citizens volunteering to save the Republic by snooping on their fellow-citizens, spies who look like spies, spies who look like trade-union business-agents, spies who look like radical agitators, spies who look like one's closest acquaintances—these reincarnations of the bacteria which clotted the last days of Imperial

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Russia are flowing thick now in our blood and are beginning once more their historic task of destroying the elemental essence of civic health, namely: the frankness of citizen to citizen and the confidence of friend in friend.

Mrs. Fernandez did something for Americanism —for what Americanism used to be, when it was more than some English, and when it was more than some horse-sense, and when it was a sense of human personality, released from watch and ward and responsible thereafter personally for its own free personal acts—she did something for that Americanism when in her report to the Bureau of Education she said that Americanizing and spying could not go forward together.

Her statement, literally, was even broader. Her subject in her report was "adult education." She said that espionage was inconsistent with education:

"It should be clearly understood by the people of Passaic that so long as an espionage system so subversive of mutual trust and social confidence among the adult population of Passaic continues, the educational process is impossible."

Mrs. Fernandez's report was printed and reprinted. There was a great flow of ink and of talk in Passaic and across the meadow in New York. Editors of Passaic newspapers, members of the Passaic Board of Education, members of the Passaic city government, members of the Passaic Woollen Council, members of the Amalgamated Textile Workers, members of organizations in New York for the maintenance of civil liberties, discussed and debated.

In subsequent articles I will go the round of that in order to exhibit all views of the system of spying and prying and eaves-dropping and organized back-stairs chattering and informing which is on its way among us toward becoming a large and established regular social institution. Here I note only the sympathy which instinctively exists between espionage and lawlessness.

The Passaic Daily News, talking about espionage, began naturally to talk about free speech. It began to want to know why "permits" should be required for any meetings of citizens in peace time. The Amalgamated Textile Workers began also to want to know. They wanted to know why they could not meet and talk together like other citizens without the presence of police clubs and without the presence of police ears and without the humiliation and intimidation which those presences imposed on their members.

They asked, and then they decided to hold a meeting without petitioning for a "permit." Thus they would test the strength of the Constitution of New Jersey which provides that all persons may *freely* meet and *freely* express their views *on all subjects*.

It was a question of law. I saw the response made by the city authorities of Passaic. It was the response so loved all over this country by our Scribes and Pharisees of law and order. It was ordered lawless force.

To understand it, one must understand its inward motion.

The city authorities of Passaic were insisting that a meeting without a "permit" would be unlawful. Their remedy, in law, was clear. It was, in law, their only remedy. They could arrest the persons holding the meeting and take them to a courtroom. The judge could then decide:

Are the authorities right? Or are the prisoners right?

Of course. But note the difficulty. It was a great difficulty, either way.

Suppose the judge decided that the *prisoners* were right. Then the Amalgamated Textile Workers could freely hold meetings of freemen in Passaic. But suppose he decided that the *authorities* were right. Then he would be deciding, as so many judges have already decided, that our constitutional guarantees of free speech do not in fact mean free speech except at the discretion of legislators and bureaucrats—except at the discretion, that is, of the dominant people in power—which is precisely what the "radicals" allege.

The city authorities of Passaic, by argument or by instinct, recoiled from these alternatives. They recoiled from law. They abstained from courts and judges. They adopted the remedy of force. They embraced the method of Revolution. They went in for one of those hundreds and hundreds of little coup d'états which all over this country—unless history has utterly changed its nature—will some day produce an equally lawless counter-revolution of the Americanism of civil liberty.

I shall particularly remember one grand moment in the squalid and sneaky little revolutionary plot of the gentlemen now governing Passaic.

I sat in the third row of seats in a very dim hall. Back of me all the seats were empty. They had been occupied by textile workers. The Reverend Norman Thomas had been talking to them. Not one word of his speech had breathed any slightest incitement to any action in any way akin to "force" or "violence." He talked for law.

While he talked, the lights went out—by order of the city government. Then policemen came to the front of the hall and said "Out!" With clubs in their hands they drove the audience back out of the hall. The rays of their electric flash-lamps shone on their clubs and on the faces of foreigners

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slowly but quietly yielding to their shouts and their pushes. A half dozen foreigners remained, unnoted and negligible. The meeting was gone.

But a certain Pole, after a while, rose and stood on the platform. He was the moment I shall particularly remember.

Two or three candles had been found and lighted. One of them cast a very faint glow on a paper which the Pole held in his hand. He was translating it to two Poles who resolutely sat in the front row before him. The hall behind me was altogether dark. The little candles in front of me made the platform seem like an altar. The Pole was reading some sacramental words. He was reading the Constitution of the State of New Jersey.

He spoke its words in English and then in Polish. In that twilight of the gods of the American Revolution he was transmitting the purport of American revolutionary constitutional guarantees to immigrants, to foreigners, to—shall I say?—our successors?

I wondered. Will 1776 per cent Americanism have to be vindicated in our cities by Poles, Italians, Serbs, Croatians, Russians, Hungarians, Czechs and Slovaks?

Anyway, a little further observation of Passaic will throw a little further light on a merely 100 per cent Americanism. WILLIAM HARD.

The Diary of Mrs. Randall

OVER the dark, anonymous stage of American life there swings and sways a monstrous, capricious eye called publicity. For the most part the ordinarily-behaved Americans are free in the dark to do and say what they like—to eat, to drink, to love, to hate, to cheat, to steal, to pimp, to pray, to grovel, to swagger, to work, to loaf, to gamble, to plod—and no one outside their immediate neighbors pays much heed to their conduct. Then suddenly there may come the necessary click and the great, rolling, bloodshot eye of publicity shoots down its gaze and transfixes a pathetic little mortal or group of mortals. Everywhere near them, everywhere else, the big human crowd scatters and runs away to the surrounding blackness. Only in the center, under the shameless gaze of publicity its victims lie beaten down by the light. And then from their covert position in the dark, after this air raid, the general public creeps out to examine and poke into the victims.

Up to March 6th, when she ended her own life and killed Clifford Bleyer, Mrs. Randall of Chicago was one of the innumerable American folk whose conduct is very much their own affair. She was a high school graduate with a fairly wide circle of acquaintances, but she was practically un-distinguished and anonymous. Then she fired her deadly revolver, and publicity turned on her, lapped up the details of her tragedy, her personal situation, the facts of her whole career. Those facts were no longer seen as human. Like a face revealed under grim metallic light, they were beheld in the devouring vision of the popular American press, with the kindly rays of human feeling left out. She and her friends had crossed the line that divides black and white. In the black of anonymity she would still have been white. In the white she had become black, a marked figure.

To dilate on this figure, so helpless, is almost inevitably indecent. Robbed of their personalities, Mrs. Randall and the man she killed can scarcely be discussed without cruelty, and certainly to no purpose. But there is one excuse for examining this tragedy, and that is the fact that since she married in 1911 Mrs. Randall kept a fairly regular diary which has just been published in the Hearst papers. This diary she wrote with some vague idea of publicity. It is her apologia, and as an apologia invests her career with values not newspaper-like, but life-like. Because these values are life-like, the diary can well be considered for the illumination it throws on a pitiful and unnecessary tragedy.

Simply on the evidence of her diary, Ruth Vail Randall seems to have been a quite usual type of American city girl. She is described by a clergyman as "accomplished and charming," and she calls herself "cultivated and beautiful"; but letting these fine words pass she may justly be concluded to have been at least ordinarily attractive and ordinarily cultivated in the popular sense. At twenty, or a little under it, she married a youth of twenty-one called Norman Brown Randall. He was an inconsequential clerk in a Gas Company. Soon "Norm expects to be kicked out of the Gas Co.," and goes to work for the Telephone Company. Then, still apparently a clerk, he goes to work for the steel mills. He is not very successful. In the words of the schoolgirl diary, "My husband has a hatred of work," so Mrs. Randall also goes to work. She folds circulars "at $7 per." She works at a cheap department store. She works at Mandels. She learns china painting. She poses for a corset company. She becomes a "movie actress." She sells patriotic flags. She does war work. And, at the end, she is about to be set up in the mail order powder business. All of these activities, however, are forced and perfunctory. She is ob-

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viously exploited by those sexual show-cases, the department stores. She never really develops a vocation. She never becomes a business woman. She always spends more than she earns.

What the diary reveals most of all is the ideals with which this young American girl starts out. She is practically a child when she begins her diary —a dewy, naïve girl with the simplest of desires to make good with her husband and the simplest of faith in God. Her notes are punctuated with prayers: "Oh God, make me not hasty in speech or deed," "God, please wake him up," and "My boy kissed me. Thank you, God," and "I love my husband, so help me God." But practically the same, except for the absence of reverence, is another allusion. "There have been big things since I wrote in this book. Folding circulars at $7 per. Poverty is hell. My husband has a hatred of work. Oh, blue bird, where are you?" The Blue Bird is her daydream, or one of her daydreams.

But her great daydream, of course, is Love. She has come up to marriage as society comes up to war—with the belief that marriage, like war, will somehow purge everything and lead to happiness ever afterward. She comes to it, that is to say, as a young crusader. And within a few weeks after the beginning of the crusade her young clerk Norm begins to offend against her pattern of love. He returns home dead tired from the Gas Co. She is armed with all the old incantations, "bear and forbear," "it takes time for two young people to know each other," "a woman must dress for her husband, not her woman friends." But piercing through these shibboleths is her exigent demand for a Prince Charming. She weeps herself to sleep because her gas clerk is cross as a bear after night-work. "I must be petted every minute he is with me." Sometimes her hopes mount. "Last Sunday he loved me quite as fiercely and devotedly as a masterful mate should." But this exaltation does not last. The Prince Charming is human, cheap, dull. "This a. m. we had words about money. I wish we could not have a single cross word." "Dec. 9. Gave Norm $2 and he got a derby. He looks fine: awfully happy." "Dec. 12. He is breaking my heart by his cross words and indifference. God, please wake him up."

"I need gentle words and strong arms to soothe me," she confesses to her diary. Instead, "Norm is so busy cutting articles from the newspapers concerning baseball and the President he does not care to spend his precious time kissing me." And his folks! "Norm and I have decided we are altogether indifferent to one another . . . Last night we sat in the dark and he opened up on the grandeur of his folks. I don't like my mother-in-law any better than she likes me. I hate her. She is mean and despising—hateful and whining and spiteful." What, then, is to be done? The youngster tries to reach her husband. He shrugs her "soft talk" away. She weeps, "lonely all day." "Do we need money, a child, or simply to be rid of his folks?" These are passionate questions, but swiftly she trips to another plane. "Shoes, corset and a feather for Xmas." "Darn it anyway, I am tired of behaving like a stuffed angel around his parents. Wish we were out of town so all we could do is to write to our relatives." "I dread and long for motherhood," one entry, and the next, "The last three weeks I have been making dandy layer cake. Ma foi."

She was infinitely more sensitive than her husband. She had needs beyond his means. But what was there in her to stabilize her? She had a mind and a will that were swimming round in a soup of sensibility. She was ignorant not only of men and sex, but ignorant of work and every kind of interesting creativeness, ignorant of self-support, ignorant of any world outside the movies, popular novels, Sunday newspapers and Love. Once, in one of her daydreams, she pictures her tragic poverty. "I just looked out the window and saw a negro go by driving a red racer. Here am I cultivated, beautiful, a beggar—while a man as black as night runs an auto." This was movie-patter, quite in keeping with another outburst, "Norm is unclean . . . Dear God, dost thou not ever understand and realize that it means as much to women as to men to love what is pure." Dear God—that is to say, dear Blue Bird, or Dear Teddy Bear. Her God is simply a cart-spring for the rough road of reality.

She lists the books that she reads at this period. Before Norm is out of work and begins to drink: the most sentimental novels possible. Then, in her mood of "a year from now, shall I be here to write it at all": The Streets of Ascallon, The Penalty, The Net, Old St. Paul's. And later, after their first fight, The Woman in the Alcove, The Leavenworth Case, The Three Musketeers, The Illustrious Prince, The Masqueraders, The Black Tulip.

The fight she mentions is an actual physical fight with her husband. First, she flirts with another man, after declaring "I feel sad and neglected and lonesome." Norm comes in "dead drunk and crying for me." He gets violent and packs his things to leave. Later he decides to stay. Her birthday, like most of her passionately observed anniversaries, is a blow for her. He is cool, thoughtless, hardened. Made jealous again, he hits her. "Ex-

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citing time. Our first fight. I came out with a scratch." Then a toy gesture, "Next time Norm strikes me I wish God to let me drop dead at his feet."

For nearly five years this jungle-life goes on, until finally the separation is completed and another man appears. He is a Jew called Les, from whom she receives a little money. But "Les believes in neither God nor man, only mothers." She does not reveal any great intimacy with him, or anyone else, until she meets Clifford Bleyer, "the first nobleman I've met yet."

The divorce of her own parents and the sensational life of her sister seems to have paved the way for Ruth Randall's transition from wife to mistress. She dressed up her secret life as "a marriage pact according to our own ideas," but it was certain, once she was economically dependent on herself, that she would have to live off the men for whom specifically she had been reared and trained. It was her profession, and her only profession, to be a kitten. After a time she became Mr. Bleyer's exclusive kitten. He kept his wife and two girls on the north side of Chicago, and his kitten on the south side; and he gave her not exactly a living wage but those gifts and doles and rent and gratuities that are so often the feminine equivalent of a living wage.

In love, however, Ruth Randall continued frantically to believe, and from the day she met her "nobleman" to the day she killed him she pressed against the edge of her cruel circumstance as his mistress. The mistress situation is, of course, not uncommon in America. In convenient cities like Chicago and Boston and Philadelphia and New York, innumerable men who can afford it keep up two homes and succeed so long as there is enough practicality and sophistication all round. But Ruth Randall's peculiar tragedy was to have an ideal of soaring love to start with and never enough power outside sex to sustain it. Her life was trained to bloom as one flower, an American beauty rose of love, and the very first time this beauty of hers proved inadequate she was destroyed. She had no other interest in life, no other capacity for life. Love was not only her ideal, it was her bread and butter, her stock in trade. Had she started out with the well-off advertising man Clifford Bleyer instead of "Norm," she would still have been a kept woman, only a respectable kept woman whose worst fate would have been to bore Bleyer into infidelity in a very few years.

The immense suffering endured by Bleyer and Mrs. Randall is written in every line of her diary. The woman illustrates with each detail her longing for "companionship, mental and spiritual camaraderie—some one to help me live outside of myself." At Christmas Bleyer gives her a clock and a hat. She is irrationally angry. She wanted a ring. She taunts him with her interest in other men. There is a tornado of his jealousy. He fails to come to her; she rings up his father, his home, suspects him of infidelity, tortures him, tortures herself, discovers every resource of pride and pain.

And he meets the situation by getting drunk as often as possible. He is charmed by her very greatly, and her demand is so fierce that he keeps returning to her and yielding to her, but he cannot give up his married life for something so casual, so slight, so febrile, as Ruth Randall. She cries out that he does not respect her. She clamors for him when they are separated, wails for him, pleads for him beyond reason. Then she tries to steel herself. "The book is filled with moans. I have written so many times that I cried because Cliff did not kiss me good night. I don't cry now." And then she cries, not hard enough because non-existent outside some man.

"I cannot hold Cliff except by talking business," she moans. And then, "I must be cold." And then, "I'll crawl on my knees to him." And then, "if only I had a chance to be honest." And at last, their sentence to death, written from the very beginning, "my common sense tells me Cliff is through, and my heart will not listen to my mind."

Before Mrs. Randall admitted that the end of their relation had come, she looked ahead to a certain career with other men on the same terms. She was not yet thirty, and she was almost hardened enough to see the possibilities of exploiting these greedy, vain, jealous, brutal creatures who had played with her in the jungle of their desires. But, "I will never know another—never. I told Cliff just that. He thinks I'm only talking. . . . There is a limit to human endurance. I have almost reached it. I am mad, mad. I have held myself in for so long! Not a tear, not a sigh, not a spark of anger. Only quick despair and madness. I can feel myself slipping. My mind is going. It is a blank except for the tormenting thoughts I have. If only I could forget. Complete oblivion would be a blessing." Oblivion—and revenge.

"A great moral lesson," one teacher says, "is to be derived from this tragedy." The lesson is not stated. "Lessons of good citizenship and duty to one another," proclaims a lawyer. A lesson, declares Dr. Ballou, especially in regard to the interstitial gland.

It is better, perhaps, not to sermonize. But it seems to me that hardly anything is so tragic as to live thus defencelessly on the Vesuvian slopes of love. With many people the tragedy is not so com-

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plete or so patent, the neurosis is not so terrible. At any rate, the glare of publicity is not fixed on them.

But the romantic tradition for men and especially for women leads almost certainly to a fostering of this drunken, jealous, brutal, feral life. It is the life of thousands of Americans, mainly women, fed by the newspapers, the movies, popular fiction, popular education, popular religion. We decorate the bull with flowers, and we still worship the bull.

My own feeling that this is needlessly one-sided, that Mrs. Randall might have been saved, is dependent on the rather simple conviction that wives should not be kept-women. They should be able to earn their own living, able to quit their Randalls and even their kitten-making Bleyers if the sexual experiment is not successful, and quit them without being committed on worse terms to a similar experiment. This is the only ready institutional protection that young girls can have. It does not ensure happiness or anything of the sort. It does not guarantee a more stable or interesting life than many sensible and acquiescent married dependents now have. But it puts the incident of sex on something more like an equal plane for men and women.

It is by no means certain that the majority of high school girls want this. Ruth Randall vaguely resented "insults" to her status as woman, but she craved for a Prince Charming and—candy and flowers. These things can exist, of course, without dependence, and so far so good. But in the United States the training of girls for dependence is still the common fact. Broadly speaking, we have still to give young girls a reasonable chance to escape from the jungle. We do not yet honestly guarantee women their liberty, equality and fraternity.

FRANCIS HACKETT.

A Death

They have brought the priest,
Her family move about her with stricken eyes,
And she keeps sobbing with terrible knotted face:
"I am too young to die."
Fifty years and more that have passed
Tread back through the room
On heavy feet, with bleak faces.
She sobs and her drowning eyes clutch mine,
Their awful nakedness
Betraying a heart aghast
At the mystery of death
That never flung praise nor prayer
To the mystery of life,
But lay in a sodden mess of duties, habits,
Like a dumpling in its sauce.

CLARA SHANAFELT.

CORRESPONDENCE

Is Hoover an Irishman?

DEAR MR. MacCARSON: It's happy I am to see by your grand letter in the New Republic that you've come out for Hoover; but not surprised, for didn't I hear yourself say only the other day, "He's the ablest man the war produced, but Sinn Fein won't touch him!" Of course Sinn Fein don't want him. It's not a good Irishman they're after, but a good Sinn Feiner, so what would they be wanting with a man who has "social vision" and a "thorough grasp of the international situation"?

Here's Mr. Hoover has made Irish resourcefulness, Irish generosity, and Irish political idealism, known and respected the world over, and your Sinn Fein friend asks, in his black ignorance, is he an Irishman?

He wants to know, he says, is Hoover in favor of the Irish Republic, and you tell him Mr. Hoover will decide after he is elected President. But, my dear Mr. MacCarson hasn't Mr. Hoover already decided? Hasn't he said he is in favor of a progressive, Irish Republic, not a reactionary Irish Republic?

[Though what the rogue meant, when he asked you the question, of course, was just, "is he a regular Sinn Feiner?"]

When he protested that Hoover appealed for a Unionist Parliament on November 2nd, 1918, myself would have answered him this way,—Ireland was to negotiate peace with Germany, and the President of Ireland called for a Unionist Parliament to support him; and Mr. Hoover, him thinking that it should be Ireland, and not Unionists nor yet Sinn Feiners should speak for the whole country, said: "We must have united support for the President. In the issues before us there can be no party politics."

But it's a great, fine letter you've written, and when you added that no reasonable person should permit Mr. Hoover's appeal for a United Ireland to negotiate with the enemy, to interfere with his election, you spoke like a regular Irishman and a Sinn Feiner with vision!

EILHEEN PEARSE MACMORGAN.

Lough Swilly, Ireland.

Bryn Mawr Not Responsible

SIR: A friend has just called my attention to your review of my volume Modes and Morals. Your reviewer's last sentence, which reads "This is to promote Culture in the bad sense, particularly as such Culture seems to have the cachet of Bryn Mawr," might, to many readers, be misleading.

My own academic degrees are both from Radcliffe, where I received all my academic training. Bryn Mawr is in no way responsible for me or for my work. My own alma mater—Radcliffe—must bear the burden.

I feel confident that you will not refuse me this brief space in your periodical, as it would seem to be my obvious duty, in the face of your review, to disclaim Bryn Mawr origins for myself. I should be sorry to bring upon Bryn Mawr the quite undeserved accusation of setting its cachet on the "Culture" I "promote."

KATHARINE FULLERTON GEROULD.

Princeton, New Jersey.

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The Negro Speaks

Darkwater, Voices from within the Veil, by W. E. Burghardt Du Bois. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Howe.

IT is sometimes said that Dr. Du Bois is bitter. If this new book of his is bitter, I do not know what bitter means. It is to me one of the sweetest books I have ever read. "I was born by a golden river," Dr. Du Bois records, "and in the shadow of two great hills, five years after the Emancipation Proclamation." The shadows lie on his book, but the golden river runs through it, and the waters of the river are sweet.

Only an artist like Dr. Du Bois can possibly speak as he does for the Negro. The mission of Booker Washington — "a great man, Booker Washington," Dr. Du Bois calls him — was to work out definite and immediate programs that required the cooperation of white folk. To that mission Dr. Du Bois pays tribute. But his own business is the much less tangible, much more difficult one of opposing to the white conception of the Negro the black conception of the Negro, and in that way showing his belief in his own Negro blood. Only an artist can do that. Dr. Du Bois is an artist, and his book must be reckoned among those that add not only to the wisdom but to the exaltation and glory of man.

We all know the delicacies that surround oppressed peoples. Oppressed peoples are, beyond doubt, an enormous nuisance. Worse than oppressed classes, they carry around the manner and substance of failure and inferiority. These characteristics, failure and inferiority, are hard to live with, particularly for those who know success and superiority and hate the atmosphere of disease. It is mighty unpleasant to see and hear whole groups and herds of people who have a chronic complaint against society. It is unpleasant and unflattering and depressing and degrading. And the only thing that can be done is to ordain the delicacy of silence and keep the veil of silence as thick and heavy as possible.

But oppressed peoples, like oppressed classes, have become literate and articulate. The mute are speaking. And no matter how deep their failure and how hopeless their inferiority, they evidently intend to go on speaking, believing that there is such a thing as the conscience of mankind. The conscience of mankind, curiously enough, is not their invention. It is the tenet of the successful and superior who otherwise would have no elevated sanction for their superiority and success. So the oppressed peoples have a practical inducement to speak and go on speaking—to work through the interests and nerves and dear pretensions of their masters up to that last stronghold and gun-pit of superiority, the ethics of those who rule. In speaking for the Negro, consequently, Dr. Du Bois is forced to apply to the Negro's situation the ethics of Christian America. That is what gives his position such strength.

So, combined with the personal sweetness that Dr. Du Bois manifests so aboundingly, there is a sternness that belongs to his cause. He examines with tense feeling some of the claims of white folk to call themselves superior to black folk, and by Christian ethics he judges the Southern white woman and the behavior of East St. Louis and the Jim Crow car. It is not flattering to the white people. It is blunt and stubborn. But is not useless and unjust. Heaven knows that America asserts often enough its respect for the elevated principles to which Dr. Du Bois appeals. The truth stings not because Dr. Du Bois is bitter but because we are vulnerable.

The sinfulness of the United States is occasionally exaggerated by Dr. Du Bois. He has touches of hypochondria. "I remember once, in Nashville, brushing by accident against a white woman in the street. Politely and eagerly I raised my hat to apologize. That was thirty-five years ago. From that day to this I have never knowingly raised my hat to a Southern white woman." This is indicting a nation! But even if Dr. Du Bois impairs his own case a little by such understandable sensitiveness, the case itself is too hideously strong to be weakened by any show of sensitiveness. And the strength of the case is manifested not so much by the arguments that Dr. Du Bois assembles, or the poems and parables he creates, as by the story he gives of his own relations with people, his own temptations and struggles, his own appreciation of beauty through the landscape veiled in pain. Because he is an artist, because he tells this story of his own people so simply and so charmingly, he establishes that kinship which is the essence of everything human. Dr. Du Bois as a 'bus boy at the "broad and blatant hotel at Lake Minnetonka"—this is a picture he draws with wry humor, and it is unforgettable. Equally unforgettable is his warm, glowing, happy account of Negro women. "We have still our poverty and degradation, and lewdness and our cruel toil; but we have, too, a vast group of women of Negro blood who for strength of character, cleanness of soul, and unselfish devotion of purpose, is today easily the peer of any group of women in the civilized world." I should think Negro women would read with welling hearts this chapter, The Damnation of Women. It is perfectly unsentimental. It is simply a high recognition by a man who is proud to be a Negro of traits that are especially rich in Negro nature.

The whole political tendency of such confidence and pride in Negro stock is to concentrate the Negro on an African policy—Africa for the Africans. It may reasonably be urged against Dr. Du Bois that he links Asia and Africa much too simply. It is true that black and brown and yellow men are oppressed. It is also true that Negro and Negroid, East Indian, Chinese and Japanese form two-thirds of the population of the world. But is it good sociology or good ethnology to say there is a Dark World ranged against the White World on these lines? The case of the Negro is the case of Africa, not Africa and Asia. But the case of Africa is solid.

You cannot read of Belgium in the Congo, with its toll of 10,000,000 Negro lives, without feeling that there is another side to poor little Belgium. You cannot read of organized labor or of socialism ("international" in name only) in relation to the Negro, without feeling the louring primitiveness of labor and the gritty narrowness of socialists. You cannot read of the British empire in Africa without feeling that it is the British Empire—sanctioning such exploitations that "British justice" seems a miserable sham. "In black Africa today only one-seventeenth of the land and a ninth of the people in Liberia and Abyssinia are approximately independent, although menaced and policed by European capitalism." But *can* black Africa rule itself, the white man asks? Whether he can or not, the driving of the blacks into swamps and marsh, the grabbing of the best native land by "legal" act is wicked. And it is wicked to falsify native character, as the British administrators have done everywhere they have gone, from the West Coast of Africa all through Asia and Polynesia, to the despair of scientists and democrats and decent men everywhere. Dr. Du Bois himself is a victim of that wearisome tradition.

But to read Darkwater is to forget that tradition, to be emancipated from its smugness, and to breathe a liberal air. The ordinary Anglo-Saxon assumptions fall away as one reads Darkwater. What, after all, if God be a Negro, and the Southern white man and the South African legis-

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lator and the Brooklyn housewife and the American Federation of Labor and General Crowder's draft boards and the railroad presidents and the theatre managers be all brought before the Negro Heavenly Father? How will He, in His Heavenly irony, look into our white souls? But it is unnecessary to strain one's imagination. To read Dr. Du Bois gives one a healthy glimpse of our ordinary values thus transvalued.

F. H.

Three Younger Poets

The Complete Poems of Francis Ledwidge, with an introduction by Lord Dunsany. New York: Brentano's.

The Cobbler in Willow Street and Other Poems, by George O'Neil. New York: Boni and Liveright.

The New Day, by Scudder Middleton. New York: The Macmillan Co.

FRANCIS Ledwidge, as one comes to see when one reads his poems in the Collected Edition, was the poet of the plain—specifically, of that demesne land that is the Irish county of Meath. In that territory there is scant variety of scene or interest—fields and hedgerows and villages; larks and blackbirds and pigeons. There are people, of course, but this poet might not approach them unless they grouped themselves as people in an idyll. There are poems in one section of the book that have a foreign scene for background—Greece, Serbia, England,—but these too have to do with sheep and birds, fields and hedgerows, and they do not mark a departure.

And so as we read the Complete Poems of Francis Ledwidge we get the impression of a too unvarying personality. We cannot help feeling that it is a pity the poems were not left in their original slender collections—Songs of the Fields, Songs of Peace, and the third collection that now goes with them—Last Songs. Songs of Peace is the collection in which Francis Ledwidge shows his best; in it he has a freshness with a sureness that is his own, and within its compass there is variety enough.

He was compared with Robert Burns because his material was country life as seen by a young peasant. But Francis Ledwidge saw the country and saw country people, not as Burns, but as Theocritus saw them. His genius was at the other side from Burns's—it was idyllic and not dramatic.

He wrote, as Lord Dunsany notes, about fields and blackbirds, about sheep and meadows. He responded, not to the tumult, but to the charm of life. It is his triumph that he makes us know the creatures of his world as things freshly seen, surprisingly discovered. The second poem in his early volume lets us know the blackbird's secret:—

> And wonderous impudently sweet,
> Half of him passion, half conceit,
> The blackbird whistles down the street.

He finishes the stanza with the line "like the piper of Hamelin," and spoils it with the literary allusion. And then in a later poem he gives us the mystery of the slow-winged fight of the herons:—

> As I was climbing Ardan Mor
> From the shore of Sheelan lake,
> I met the herons coming down
> Before the water's wake.
>
> And they were talking in their flight
> Of dreamy ways the herons go
> When all the hills are withered up
> Nör any waters flow.

This is a poem that is as complete as a Japanese drawing. Besides the unvarying factor there is something else that makes for a defect in his work—it is the young poet's taste for the hieroglyphics of the classical tradition—"When will was all the Delphi I would heed," "Aeolus whispers to the shadows," "Like Jason with his precious fleece anigh The harbour of Iolcos." The eighteenth century is still potent in the Irish countryside.

But when it is said that he is somewhat unvarying and that he is sometimes immature it remains to be said that in everything Francis Ledwidge wrote there is the shapely and the imaginative phrase. He wrote about simple and appealing things, and he wrote about them in a way that may leave his poetry more cherished than the poetry of any of the young men who have been lost to us in the disaster of the war. He made no attempt to conquer new forms, but he restored their graces to old ones. In To a Linnet in a Cage, The Homecoming of the Sheep, A Little Boy in the Morning, The Herons, he has left us quite lovely poems. The epitaphs he made from Thomas MacDonagh and Joseph Plunkett, with their reproductions of Gaelic forms will appeal for generations to those who understand an Irish tradition:—

> "And when the first surprise of flight
> Sweet songs excite, from the far dawn
> Shall there come blackbirds loud with love,
> Sweet echoes of the singers gone.
>
> But in the lonely hush of eve
> Weeping I grieve the silent bills."
> I heard the Poor Old Woman say
> In Derry of the little hills.

If Francis Ledwidge is the poet of the outspread demesne, George O'Neil is the poet of the walled garden. In his verse the world is closed out, and what we are aware of are statues and swans and roses; there are youths and girls sometimes, but they have drawn into themselves the spirit of the sun-steeped garden; we think of them as being made, as in the Welsh story the bride of Llew was made, out of flowers.

He takes a myth for the making of his long poem Pandora, and the myth becomes a sort of Fête Galante:—

> Beyond the opening of the crowded trees,
> Streaming their feathers through the sheaves of grass,
> Within the sacred grove Pandora sees
> The milk-white peacocks indolently pass.
> * * * * * *
> Around the pool bend down as though to hold
> So exquisite an image in their frame . . . .
> Pandora sees . . . . she stops . . . . and leans . . . . the cold
> Blue kindles, mirroring her hair's long flame.
> * * * * * *
> Into the light drenching the sloping fields
> Pandora and her lover soon emerge . . . .
> He holds her, faltering . . . . and now she yields.
> Along the grass winds drive a silvery surge.

A painter of eighteenth century Versailles might have designed this and many of the other poems.

One wonders when this young poet will leave his garden and what will happen when he meets the man in the street. Seemingly the first poem in the collection is about a man in a street—The Cobbler in Willow Street—but Willow Street is very like a garden close:—

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The dark shapes slant to West at nine
And creep at one up to a line
Measuring eastern walls again,
And close the gloried morning vine
That they have touched enough to stain.

The cobbler's house is half the height
That pigeons measure in a flight
From bottom of the hill to top . . . .
And where on one doorstep as white
The cobbler sings and keeps his shop.

The bulk of this verse is skilful and charming, and is full of bright pictures. Although there are several experiments in free verse—they are, on the whole, the least achieved.

The Cobbler in Willow Street will be read with pleasure by those who are reacting from the drab angularities of a few of the free-verse practitioners. There are poems in the volume that one accepts very gratefully—The Conflagration, Dryad, The Secret, the sonnet beginning "I love the blessed sweetness that is peace." But it is in his next book that Mr. O'Neil will let us know whether he is with the poets who march or the poets who mark time.

The publishers speak of The New Day as having poems that convey the spirit that is dawning over the world. There is in one of the poems a dedication of himself that makes Scudder Middleton of the company of the poets that stand for humility and service:—

Consider me as one who bears
The precious gifts another sends—
A servant such as Abraham
Sent down among his tribal friends.

That spirit at least repudiates the ways that led the world to disaster. And there is in the poems a knowledge of striving people and an affection for individuals and the mass. Often the poems have an incandescence that make phrases in the best of them flash out on us:—

Like a cup of scarlet wine
Flung upon the desert sands,
Like a flaming arrow shot
Over multi-colored lands,

Flows and burns the magic song
From the solitary bough,
While the dust of kingdoms falls
On Mohammed's tranquil brow.

So he writes in The Bird, and in The Sun:—

Like flame he'll leap before us
He'll hurl his burning darts,
And throw a net of fire
Around our helpless hearts.

Then fools will start their weeping,
The strong will fight for breath,
And some will give their bodies
Like Jesus Christ to death.

The Secret of John Doe is:—

They cannot know that I have sat
With Edgar Poe till dawn came up,
And heard him weep for his Lenore,
And saw the raven in his cup.

There is a lyric lift in all this verse, but the poet does not find himself able to wander into a freshness of speech that would give the poems a real distinction.

PADRAIC COLUM.

The Dickens Circle

The Dickens Circle, by J. W. T. Ley. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.

"MY purpose," writes the author, "was not simply to treat of friendship as such, but to show, if I could, how Dickens and great men and women of his time acted and reacted upon one another, and so to throw some fresh light upon a great and attractive personality." This work is more comprehensive than Charles Dickens and his Friends by Mr. Shore, and it leaves more opportunity for authorities to speak for themselves, but it is less coherent and readable. Mr. Ley confesses that his book has been a labor of love, compiled from an immense amount of material, as a useful auxiliary to Forster's excellent biography of Dickens. His writings during the past fifteen years, both books and shorter articles pertaining to Dickens, his connection with The Dickensian, and his close association with Dickens scholars entitle his new work to careful consideration.

The volume before us is the American edition of a work which first came from the press of Chapman and Hall in 1918. The discussion proper, exclusive of introductory matter and index, occupies four hundred and twelve pages and is divided into seventy-seven chapters, in the course of which we meet some two hundred and fifteen friends of the novelist. Each chapter is a law unto itself, presenting from one to twenty-five persons with whom Dickens was intimate. In each case, so far as possible, we are told when the friend in question first met Dickens, what were their points of contact, their mutual influence, how long the friendship lasted, and what was its depth and significance. Some friends are merely named in a series, e. g., "Horace Twiss, Mowbray Morris, John Harwick, Dr. Quin, and others," some occupy a respectable paragraph, some divide a chapter, while the more important occupy a whole chapter, that is, from two to twenty pages. Forster, "the greatest of them all", obtains the last and longest chapter, while Thackeray receives second honors in length of discussion in a chapter of seventeen pages.

In this rapidly moving pageant of great and small, headed by Bob Fagin and brought up by Forster, there is not much room for exhaustive discussion or for much critical handling of facts. For the most part the author is quite content to stand aloof from the perplexing problems that worry the race of biographers and critics, summon his subjects one by one either by chance or by some scheme of chronology or grouping not always easy to follow, and then dismiss them with startling abruptness. Occasionally, however, his love for Dickens and a desire to present his hero in a fair if not favorable light have drawn him into the discussion of some controversial subject or to the declaration of a strong opinion of his own. We recall in this connection his discussion of Harold Skimpole and Leigh Hunt, the misunderstanding with Sala, Wilkie Collins's influence on Dickens, and especially his spirited defence of Forster against adverse criticism.

The work is an instructive compilation of material culled with much industry and discrimination from the biographies of many noted men and women, from Dickens's letters, from Forster's work, and from other sources. It teaches us much about Dickens among men, about his personal magnetism, his democratic cosmopolitan spirit, and his lively jovial nature that made his circle possible.

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With the plan of the book we are not in sympathy. In reality the work amounts to an encyclopædia of Dickens's friends, acquaintances, and associates. As such the material might more conveniently be arranged alphabetically, with more attention to exact references, sources, and critical apparatus for future research. An alternative plan would require a connected narrative of Dickens's life emphasizing his friendships and associations and presenting much the same material that we find in the present volume in a more coherent and readable form, but still serving as a valuable auxiliary of Forster's work. Whether Mr. Ley has omitted and included all whom he should we shall not try to determine. Finality in such matters is hardly to be hoped for, and we believe that he has selected well though at times he is too much troubled about which of his circles should hold a particular friend, reminding us of Dante and his problems, and in trying to grade all of Dickens's violent protestations of love. No doubt he protested too much.

L. N. B.

Short stories from the Balkans, translated by Edna Worthly Underwood. Boston: Marshall Jones Company.

THOSE of us who were burdened in youth with the conduct of highschool papers can remember the flood of manuscripts that swept in to overwhelm us. Some of those stories had too much plot, some too little; all were awkward, inchoate, informed with enthusiasm. Occasionally out of the divine ignorance a naively accurate view of life was vouchsafed the more fortunate. Their work we despised at the time, putting more trust in the stereotyped imitations of Poe and O. Henry, but since then we have come to look regretfully on such open eyed youth. It was therefore with a feeling of grateful familiarity that I read Short Stories from the Balkans. They are adolescent in all the senses of the word, the product of nations which, though ancient, have been kept in the highschool stages by forces of circumstance.

Except the Magyar tales which owe a comparative sophistication to centuries of quasi-independence, the stories resemble each other closely. They are wretchedly written; for this an inept translator cannot be entirely blamed. The plots are naive beyond belief. To these authors—Caragiale, Lazarevic, Sandor-Gjalski—the American Adegarre Poe probably exists as a mispronounced name; they might have read a bit of Maupassant. A homely individuality, however, arises out of this very ignorance. Their characters are native—small farmers, brigands, and Jewish innkeepers. The action arises out of peasant love affairs, out of the land allotment; more frequently out of the furor Illyricus that sets a respectable farmer to murder out of a pure delight in carnage. These events, these people are set down quite simply; no undue sophistication disturbs the writers; they are adolescents of forty; they cannot write; they handle plots like big ungainly children playing with blocks. One virtue, however, is theirs in preeminence: they see the world with open, youthful eyes.

M. C.

Contributors

FELIX FRANKFURTER is a professor at Harvard Law School.

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